¶ A balade agaynst malycyous Sclaunderers.

¶ Heue and how rumbelow thou arte to blame
Trolle into the right way agayne for shame. 2

TRolle into the way / trolle in and retrolle
Small charyte and lesse wytte is in thy nolle
Thus for to raple vpon a chrysten soule
Wherfore men thynke the worthy blame
Trolle into the way agayne for shame.

¶ Thou makest a trollyng hyther and thyther
Somtyme thou trollest thou canst not tell whyther
But if all thy trollynges were gathered togyther
Thy trollynge might trym the and tourne the to blame
Wherfore trolle thou nowe into the way for shame

☞ Although lord Crumwell a traytour was
yet dare I saye that the kynge of his grace
Hath forgyuen him that grete trespas
To raple than on dead men / thou arte to blame
Trolle now into the way agayne for shame.

☞ In that that he the law hath offended
By the lawe he is iustly condempned
This mortall lyfe / full godly he ended
Wherfore to raple thus / thou art to blame
Trolle into the way agayne for shame.

¶ For all his offences in euery thyng
He asked god mercy and grace of the kynge
And of all the wyde world / for his trāsgressyng
Thou nor no man can say nay to the same
Trolle into the way than agayne for shame

☞ Thou takest his treason for thy subtyll defence
Which nowe is departed and gone from hence
But men spye the pricke of all thy pretence
Thy owne sayenges folowyng declare the same
Trolle into the way / for fere or for shame

¶ Thou sayest he was with the church to quycke
Fauouryng none but of the new tricke
But nowe thou spurnest agaynst the pricke
And thou of force / must confesse the same
Trolle into the way agayne for shame

☞ For bysshops haue now as they haue had
If preestes wold complayne / they were to mad
Wherfore thou appierest to be a poppysshe lad
For dyeng thy popery / thou arte to blame
Trolle into the way agayne for shame.

☞ For here thou vpholdest both monkes and fryers
Nunnes and noughty packes / and lewed lowsy lyers
The bysshop of Rome / with all his rotten squyers
To buylde such a church / thou arte moche to blame
Trolle nowe into the way agayne for shame.

☞ May not men thynke now in the meane season
That thou hast deserued by ryght and by reason
As moch as he hath done for clokynge thy treason
For he was a traytour / and thou arte the same
Trolle away pappy / god gyue the shame.

¶ The sacrament of the aulter / that is most hyest
Crumwell beleued it to be the very body of Christ
Wherfore in thy writyng / on him thou lyest
For the kynge & his counsell wyll wytnesse the same
Trolle into the waye / than agayne for shame

☞ Although that he of byrth were but base
yet was he set vp of the kynges noble grace
Wherby it appeareth that thou woldest deface
The kynges royall power / dispysyng the same
Trolle away traytour / god gyue the shame.

¶ Is it thy facyon thus craftely to saye?
Let vs for the kynge / and his lordes praye
And than at the last / to trolle them awaye
With heue and how rumbelow / thy wordes be the same
Both written and printed / to thy great shame?

☞ Hast thou no man els / thou dronken soll
But the kynge and his nobles / away for to troll
It were ynough for to cost the thy poll
Both thyne and all other / that wold do the same
Trolle away traytoure / god gyue the shame.

¶ A prety wyse printer belyke he was
Which of his printyng / so lytell doth pas
To print such pylde poetry / as this same was
Lyke maker / lyke printer / two trolles of the game
A payre of good pappystes / ye be payne of shame

☞ God send all traytours their hole desartes
God send small ioye / to all poppysshe hartes
And euyll hap to as many as do take their partes
God send their purpose neuer to frame
But trolle them away with sorow and shame.

¶ I pray god thou be not fownde one of those
That peruerteth the people / as I suppose
From redyng of gods worde / that goodly rose
Where the counsell commaundeth to occupy the same
Thou traytor allurest them this fayre floure to defame.

☞ God preserue and kepe the kynges noble grace
With prince Edwarde his sonne / to succede in his place
God kepe them amonge vs / longe tyme and space
Let all his true subiectes / say Amen to the same
And they that wold otherwyse / god send them shame.

¶ Finis.

☞ Prentyd at London in Lombard strete nere
vnto the Stockes market at the sygne
of the Mermayde by Johñ
Gough.

Cum preuilegio Ad imprimendum solum

O domine in uirtute tua letabitur Rex, &c.